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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1862.

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THE BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, - - JUNE 26, 1862.

STANZAS.

BY JAMES WOODHOUSE.

Fair maiden, go, the world is gay,
It's flowers may yet be sweet to thee,
And pause not on thy joyous way,
To smile on such a wretch as me.

For I am but a sickly flower,
Too mournful for the eye of fashion,
And thou, perhaps, might'st pity my bower,
By tendering me thy soft compassion.

Go to the dance, the social glee,
Where fashion sports, and bright eyes glare,
Where folly scorns at misery,
And laughing pleasure mocks at care.

The staid bow, the measured grace—
The courtesy of light deceit
Will bring bright honors to thy face,
And cast its burthen at thy feet.

The viol's sound, and bugle's swell,
Will wake and lift thy soul to Heaven;
And on thee, eyes as soft shall dwell
As sunset, on the haze of even.

And thou shalt stand, a beauteous light,
The Aurora of the Northern sky,
And calmly watch the planets bright,
That burn and silent pass thee by.

And tender vows may reach thine ear,
And love's soft tale be told unto thee;
And sometimes thou may'st glimpse a tear
Steal from an eye that's gazing on thee.

And thou shalt stand, a beauteous light,
The Aurora of the Northern sky,
And calmly watch the planets bright,
That burn and silent pass thee by.

But, ah! thy fever'd thoughts shall die,
Thy joys shall fade and bring the sorrow,
And all thy golden hours shall fly
Before the bitter winds, to-morrow.

Then, disappointments chilling ring,
Will o'er thee brood with sad despair,
And sorrow's form around thee cling,
With sullen envy, hate, and care.

Thy roses all will fade and rear,
Thy voice will tell no longer charm;
Thy heart will be as lone and dear
As heart amidst the ocean's storm;

For then art thou a child to please
The ministration of a silly chain,
Whose words will warm, but warm to freeze,
The life blood of thy tenderest vein.

And when, perchance, some years are past,
And thou lookest back on pleasures gone,
And thou lookest back on pleasures past,
A grief, like clouds that gloom the lawn;
And then, a higher, deeper feeling
Will whisper 'I was once thy friend,
And warned thee that thy joys were stealing
Toward the goal where pleasures end.

Go on, sweet girl, thy life is yet
The morning of a beautiful day;
Thy hours, with tender dew are wet,
And hopes and sunshine deck thy way.
Go, seek for pleasure, 'midst the gay;
Go, seek for pleasure, 'midst the gay;
But mark the pensive look that lay,
Avoid the grief which threat to-morrow.

These Democratic papers, which are denouncing General Hunter, should bear in mind that he has always been a Democrat. Evansville Journal.

Every honest man should bear in mind that the above is not true. He is the same man that commanded the escort of A. Lincoln on his celebrated tour to Washington city in 1861. Hunter is, and has been, an Abolitionist of the darkest cast. This is the way that the Evansville Journal keeps up its game of deception for political purposes. —Terre Haute Journal.

LOCKJAW CURED.—In New York, a young lady ran a rusty nail into her foot recently. The injury produced lockjaw of such a malignant character, that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old nurse then took her in hand, and applied pounded beet root to her foot, removing them as often as they became dry. The result was a most complete and astonishing cure. Such a simple remedy should be borne in mind.

Young Van Buren, of New Windsor, in his salutatory at the commencement of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute declared that the ladies were at the head of all science.—Since curiosity was the mother of discovery!

HOW HE CAME TO GET MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock tails, cigar boxes, boot jacks, absconding shirt buttons, what and dominoes. Shadows present, hooped skirts, bandboxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, willow chairs, cradles, bibles, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, hive syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills and doctor's bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies; more hive syrup, etc.

"I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes everytime I saw a pretty girl approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one, 'twasnt because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough.

Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around whistling 'Old Dan Tucker,' dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtain, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room.

I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to slip up the door post. No sooner said than done and I found myself snug in bed. 'Now,' says I, 'let her rip!—Dance till your wind gives out!' and scudding under the quilts Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shelled crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. 'Rap,' again, I laid low. 'Rap, rap, rap!' Then I heard whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside.

'Rap, rap.'

Then Lib sings out 'Jack, are you in there?'

'Yes,' says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

'Let us in,' says she.

'I won't,' says I, 'can't you let a fellow alone?'

'Are you abed?' says she.

'I am,' said I.

'Get up,' says she.

'I won't,' says I.

Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled. 'Get out you petticoat scarecrows!' I cried, 'can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out o' bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out!' and throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently—oh! mortal butters—I heard a still small voice very much like sister Lib's, which said:

'Jack, you will have to get up for all the girls' things are in there.'

Oh, Lord! what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think, I should have fainted on the spot. As it was I rolled out among the bonnets, wire and ribbons in a hurry. Smash went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls who peep—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats.—I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

'Oh, my Leghorn!' cried one.

spliced, and taking a seat, I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when oh, horrid! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me and pulling my shirt thro' the hole in my pants, and pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonishing multitude a trifle more muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended.

Democratic Meeting.

At a meeting of the delegates of the respective counties of the 8th Judicial District, held at Carrollton, Ky., on the 7th day of June, 1862, without distinction of former party ties, convened for the purpose of selecting suitable candidates for Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney for said District, and being desirous of giving an expression of their views, therefore

Resolved, That in the opinion of this convention the Constitution of the United States is the only bond of union between the States; that around that Constitution as expounded by the Supreme Court we are prepared to rally with the conservative loyal men of our common country for its preservation, resisting by every lawful means in our power the wild spirit of fanaticism and anarchy that has possessed the people of the nation, and restoring if possible our broken and unhappy country to its original united purposes and peaceful condition.

Resolved, That the determined and persistent efforts of the Abolition party in Congress to convert the present unhappy war into a war upon slavery should meet with the just condemnation of every true friend of his country; that we believe, whether in peace or in war, the safety and perpetuity of our republican institutions depend upon a strict adherence to the Constitution; that in this lies the protection of the personal liberty of the citizen and the preservation of the State.

Resolved, That we hail with pleasure the uprising of the conservative Democratic party of the Northern States, and with said party we are prepared to act in restoring our distracted country to its once happy and prosperous condition.

Resolved, That in view of the present excited condition of the country and all political discussion calculated to inflame the minds of the people, should be avoided, and the people left free and unbiased to cast their votes, as in their own judgment they may deem best for their common interests.

Resolved, That the Kentucky Yeoman, Covington Journal, Louisville Express and Cincinnati Enquirer be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

Whereupon, William S. Pryor, of Henry county, was unanimously nominated for the office of Circuit Judge, and P. U. Major, of Franklin county, was unanimously nominated for Commonwealth's Attorney.

P. O. TURPIN, Chairman.

H. CLAY WHITE, Secretaries.

THOS. J. HARRIS.

The counties of Boone, Owen, Carroll, Henry, Trimble and Franklin were represented in the convention. Letters were received from certain saying they would abide by the decision of the convention. Grant was not represented.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer, 17th.

Who is the Rebel General Stonewall Jackson?

Among those who were "unnamed demigods" in times past, no one has conducted his command with greater skill than Thos. Jefferson Jackson, nick-named "Stonewall" by reason of his taking advantage of such rough structures when he was defeated by Shields near Winchester. But, although beaten, he would not say so. His rapid pursuit of Banks, and his well conducted retreat, turning, and standing at bay with sharp and well-directed fangs as his pursuers closed upon him, show judgment, coolness and tenacity such as no rebel has displayed during the war. From one who knew him well before the war, we have learned certain traits of his character which will throw light upon his conduct during the present campaign. He is a graduate of West Point and participated in the Mexican War. He is a slow man intellectually (whatever he may be otherwise), but extremely firm and tenacious of purpose.—His bravery is unquestioned. During the battle of Chapultepec, where he commanded a section of Magruder's battery, attached to Pillow's division, he was ordered by that division commander to withdraw his section, as, according to Pillow's idea, it was too much exposed. Giving no heed whatever to the General's order, he rapidly limbered up and moved his section a hundred yards nearer the enemy's works, where he did great execution.

After the war Jackson was appointed Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute, and in the quiet routine of his duties he was by no means successful. He was regarded by many as an incubus upon his department; he was a bungling teacher, and very slow in powers of calculation. With the breaking out of the war he seemed to have found again congenial service, and has certainly eclipsed the fame of most of the rebel Generals. He is a dangerous enemy, and should have thorough soldiers to watch him from our side.

'O, mother! do send for the doctor!' said a little boy of three years old. 'What for, my dear?' 'Why, there's a gentleman in the parlor who says he'll die if Jane don't marry him—and Jane says she won't.'

CREED OF JEFFERSON.

[Inaugural Address, March 4th, 1801.]

'It is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our Government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass which will bear—stating the general principle, but not all its limitations.'

'Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever State or persuasion, religious or political.'

'Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none.'

'The support of the State Governments in all their rights as the most important administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against all anti-republican tendencies.'

'The preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.'

'A jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe correction of abuses which are lopped off by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided.'

'Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to form the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.'

'A well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them.'

'The supremacy of the civil over military authority.'

'Economy in the public expenses, that labor may be lightly burdened.'

'The honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith.'

'Encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid.'

'The diffusion of information, and arrangement of all abuses at the bar of the public reason.'

'Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected.'

'These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civil instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which leads to peace, liberty and safety.'

Admission of Washington.

[Farewell Address, September 17th, 1796.]

'In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing party by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western—whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.'

Admission of Jackson.

[Farewell Address, March 3d, 1827.]

'But the Constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved, in opposition to public feeling, by the mere exertion of the coercive powers confided to the General Government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people; in the security it gives to life, liberty and property in every quarter of the country; and in the fraternal attachments which the citizens of the several States bear one to another, as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of each other. Hence, the citizens of each State should stand in the sensibility or offend the just pride of the people of other States; and they should frown upon any proceedings within their own borders likely to disturb the tranquility of their political brethren in other portions of the Union.'

In a country so extensive as the United States, and with pursuits so varied, the internal regulations of the several States must frequently differ from one another in important particulars; and this difference is unavoidably increased by the varying principles upon which the American colonies were originally planted; principles which had taken deep root in their social relations before the Revolution, and therefore, of necessity, influencing their policy since they became free and independent States. But each State has the unquestionable right to regulate its own internal concerns according to its own pleasure; and while it does not interfere with the rights of the people of other States or of the Union, every State must be the sole judge of the measures proper to secure the safety of its citizens and promote their happiness; and all efforts on the part of other States to cast odium upon their institutions, and all measures calculated to disturb their rights of property, or to put in jeopardy their peace and internal tranquility, are in direct opposition to the spirit in which the Union was formed, and must endanger its safety. Motives of philanthropy may be assigned for this unwarrantable interference; and weak men may persuade themselves, for a moment, that they are laboring in the cause of humanity, and asserting the rights of the human race; but every one, upon sober reflection, will see that nothing but mischief can come from these improper assaults upon the feelings and rights of others. Rest assured that the men found busy in this work of discord are not worthy of your confidence, and deserve your strongest reprobation.'

By James Madison.

[Federalist, No. 14.]

'Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, kni,

together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of our great, respectable and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the Government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world, that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors, that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their Union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals or enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, is that of rendering us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.'

Correspondent of the New York Express.

Vandalism of our Troops.

WASHINGTON, June 13, 1862.

The news from the Valley of Virginia is by no means cheering. Though Fremont achieved a victory, it was dearly bought, as his official report shows, and the repulse of Shields, it is feared, has more than balanced the account in favor of the rebels. But, I am grieved to say, from the report of Union men in that quarter, we have gained no moral victories. On the contrary, the contrast in the behavior of the soldiery is really in favor of the rebels. The Federal troops have been guilty of small acts of Vandalism, which are tending to root out all Union feeling. One of the recent wanton acts was the burning of the Virginia Press office at Charlottesville, and the Odd Fellows' lodge room in the story above. The excuse for this is that the rebels, while in possession, stored forage in the marketplace part of the building. Why not remove the grain into the street, if unable to take it away, instead of destroying the property of friends as well as foes? The editors of the Free Press opposed with zeal and ability the secession wickedness, and plead for the Union until silenced by rebel bayonets. They have their reward in their ruined business, and in the ashes of their printing establishment. N.

The Democracy.

In the great heart of the Democracy, there is a reservoir of bitterness against the destroyers of the American Union. It is a hatred which does not pause to measure or weigh the pretenses which impelled the subversion and overthrow of the Government. Indeed, it will admit of no pretext for—no palliation of a crime so monstrous. The perpetuity of slavery, or the abolition of slavery, is a thing of such trifling moment, when compared with the preservation or destruction of the Constitution, as to be wholly unworthy of their regard. The conspirators against that sacred compact, whether animated by a love or a hatred of slavery, are guilty alike, and the Democracy knows no distinction between them, but execrates and abhors both. They have been, upon different pretexts, co-workers for a common end. Let their infamy be co-equal and co-eternal.

The Democracy do not know, and cannot conceive of any treason, save only perfidy to the Federal Constitution. They owe no allegiance save to that covenant—that 'league of love'—which once bound, and shall bind again,

'This fair, broad Empire, State with State.'

Their devotion to the Constitution is not to be shaken by the accident of a Wide Awake triumph, the Presidency of Lincoln, or the Ministry of Seward. An atheist may seize our Bible, and tear its leaves, and pervert its sacred texts; but we know that its truths will survive; and we love it, and prize it just as highly, as if it had not fallen into his sacrilegious clutches. We know it will endure when the Vandal hands which mutilate it are powerless for harm. The Democracy repose the same grand faith in the Constitution.

We cannot say how long the Democratic party will submit to the calumnious imputation of 'treason,' which is bestowed upon them by a party whose career has been a rebellion against the Constitution and the Union. Not always, we are very sure; not long we fervently hope. It ought never to have been endured at all.—Logan Gazette.

ARMY WORK.—The Uniontown (Ky.) paper says that several corn-fields and meadows near Morgansfield and Caseyville have been destroyed by the army worms. The wheat fields of that country promise a rather slim yield at harvest. Farmers, however, think they will realize corn, wheat and tobacco enough to live on the next year.

We warn these Abolitionists not to be so fierce for confiscation. This they call a slaveholder's rebellion; but about the winding up of this matter we shall have an Abolition rebellion. It is only an accident that the latter didn't come first; hence Abolitionists should be moderate in their punishments, for with what measure ye met, it shall be measured to you again.—Louisville Democrat.

When John Loring Austin was sent to Philadelphia, with dispatches announcing the capture of Burgoyne, he sent a note to Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, requesting the prayers of the church for his safe passage.—The doctor full of the spirit of patriotism, earnestly added the prayer that 'whatever became of the young man, the package might arrive safe.'

'Where are you going?' said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. 'I am going to heaven, my son; I have been on the way there for eighteen years.' 'Well, good-by, old fellow, if you have been traveling toward heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route.'

Private Letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, on Slavery President Lincoln and Slavery.

The New York Tribune, of the 16th, publishes the following private letter of Senator Sumner:

SENATE CHAMBER, June 5, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: Your criticism of the President is hasty. I am confident that, if you knew him as I do, you would not make it.

Of course, the President cannot be held responsible for the misfeasances of subordinates, unless adopted or at least tolerated by him. And I am sure that nothing unjust or ungenerous will be tolerated, much less adopted by him.

I am happy to let you know that he has no sympathy with Stanley in his absurd wickedness, closing the schools, nor again in his other act of turning our camp into a hunting ground for slaves. He repudiates both, positively. The latter paper has occupied much of his thought; and the newspapers have not gone too far in recording his repeated declarations, which I have often heard from his own lips, that slaves finding their way into the National lines are never to be re-enslaved. This is his conviction, expressed without reserve.

Could you have seen the President—as it was my privilege often to do—while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted—the invitation to emancipation in the States, emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgment of the independence of Hayti and Liberia—even your zeal would have been satisfied, for you would have felt the sincerity of his purpose to do what he could to carry forward the principles of the Declaration of Independence. His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own. In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind, it was just and beneficent, while it promised the end of slavery.—Of course, to me, who had already proposed a Bridge of Gold for the retreating fiend, it was most welcome. Proceeding from the President, it must take its place among the great events of history.

If you are disposed to be impatient at any seeming short-comings, think, I pray you, of what has been done in a brief period, and from the past discern the sure promise of the future. Knowing something of my convictions and of the ardor with which I maintain them, you may, perhaps, derive some assurance from my confidence. I say to you, therefore, stand by the word and act, but stand by it and have faith in it.

I wish that you really knew the President, and had heard the artless expression of his convictions on those questions which concern you so deeply. You might, perhaps, wish that he were less cautious, but you would be grateful that he is so true to that you have at heart. Believe me, therefore, you are wrong, and I regret it the more because of my desire to see all our friends stand firmly together.

If I write strongly, it is because I feel strongly; for my constant and intimate intercourse with the President, beginning with the 4th of March, not only binds me peculiarly to his Administration, but gives me a personal as well as a political interest in seeing that justice is done him.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

With much regard,

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Epaulettes.

There is nothing like digging into the past, if you would dissipate rumors. Who would have supposed that epaulettes were originally padded protections against sabre cuts? It has often been asked 'What is the use of epaulettes?' and also asserted that they are intended to recognize rank. Epaulettes originated with the English knights and their retainers, during the crusades to the Holy Land. At that period the French and Italian knights wore costly armor, and the eastern knights were arrayed in a style of magnificence not then known to the English, most of the latter, dressed in uncouth woollen or cotton armor, made a sad appearance among their gaudy and light hearted neighbors. In a short time the English knights in order to protect their shoulders from the keen edge of the Saracen's scimitar, placed thereon pads, stuffed with hair or wool; in a short time, their taste having been improved by association, these pads were ornamented with fringes, taken as trophies from their eastern enemies; and finally, when the unwieldy armor was totally dispensed with, in consequence of the general use of gun powder, the pads with fringes became the modern epaulettes.

How HATH THE MIGHTY FALLEN.—'The pen is mightier than the sword,' was once uttered by Cardinal Richelieu. So it may be, but it is not mightier than whisky.—Who that remembers the beautiful poems of E Pluribus Unum, the Song of Sam, &c., by George W. Cutter, which have been published in every language in the world, will not subscribe to the sentiment of Richelieu? Truly has the name of George W. Cutter, as a poet, become famous to the American people; and not more true is it than that this same individual was yesterday before the Mayor of Covington for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment. How truly can we exclaim, also, 'How hath the mighty fallen!'

A fellow on the race-course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry.

'Hallo! what is the matter now?' said a chap, whom the inebriated individual had just run against.

'Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes.'

When a wise man plays the fool, a woman is generally at the bottom of it.